

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC

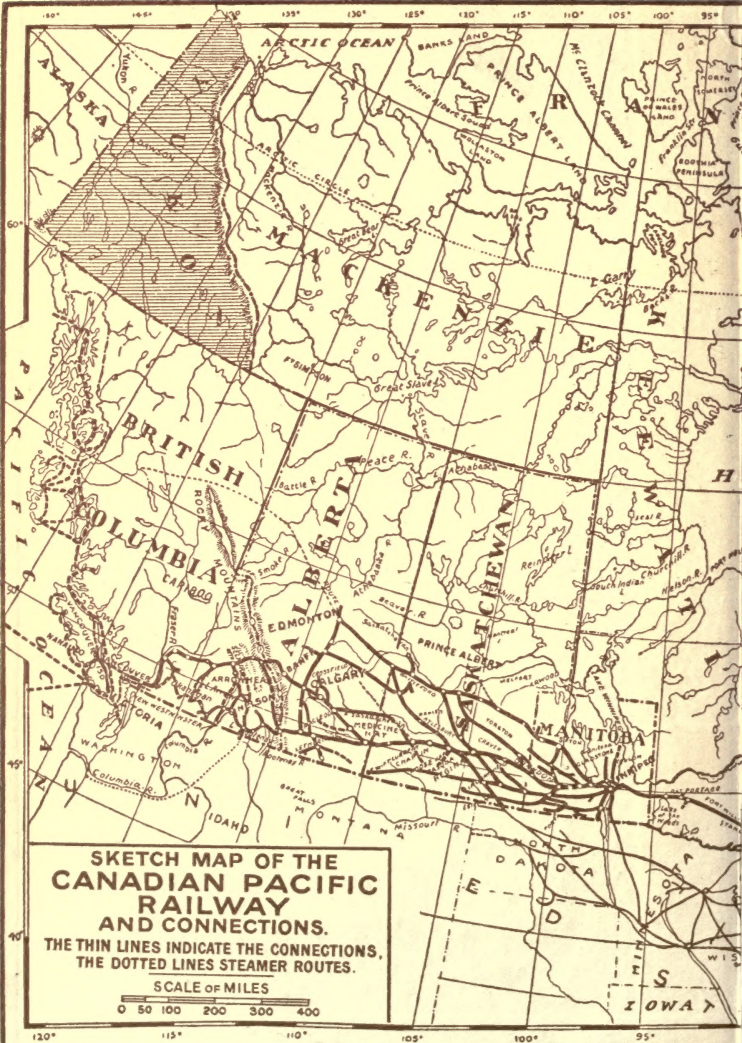
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PEEPS AT GREAT RAILWAYS



**SKETCH MAP OF THE
CANADIAN PACIFIC
RAILWAY
AND CONNECTIONS.**

THE THIN LINES INDICATE THE CONNECTIONS,
THE DOTTED LINES STEAMER ROUTES.

SCALE OF MILES

0 50 100 200 300 400





IN THE SELKIRKS.—THE LOOP NEAR GLACIER. *Page 84.*

PEEPS AT GREAT RAILWAYS
THE
CANADIAN PACIFIC
RAILWAY

BY
FREDERICK A. TALBOT

AUTHOR OF "MAKING GOOD IN CANADA"
"THE MAKING OF A GREAT CANADIAN RAILWAY" ETC.

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SKETCH-MAP INSIDE FRONT COVER

ALSO TWENTY-ONE LINE ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE TEXT

GREAT RAILWAYS

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC

CHAPTER I

FROM TRAIL TO TRAIN

IN what we call the "New World" or the Western Hemisphere the land is not of so complicated a pattern as in the "Old World." The two immense continents are not altogether unlike in shape, and are joined by a narrow neck from the tail of one to the head of the other. Each continent bulges out widely at the top and tails off at the bottom, and there you have it all described. The upper half of the northern one concerns us now. For this is Canada, queen of all our Colonies, nearest in position to our own land and nearest in affection to our hearts. The daughter country is, however, vastly greater than the mother. If the whole of Canada were cut up, it would make about thirty kingdoms, each as large as the United Kingdom!

Now, in the days before railroads were made, travel even in Great Britain was difficult, for though the roads were in some places very good, having been engineered by the best road-makers in the

The Canadian Pacific Railway

world—the Romans—yet in other places they were swampy or stony, and the heavy coaches often stuck in the mire, to say nothing of getting buried in snowdrifts in the winter. Yet England at least was well populated; there was nearly always a village or house where warmth and light could be found by the forlorn travellers. Imagine then what it must have been like in Canada, where there were no roads, no coaches, and no wayside inns. The towns, or rather settlements, were connected by trails, narrow pathways about 10 inches in width, similar to those winding through our woods, where the surface of the ground was hardened by the pattering feet of the Indians as they stole along in their moccasins through the scrub. On each side of this footpath the undergrowth, tangled and matted, formed a thick hedge and the branches met overhead in an arch. If the traveller wandered a few feet from the trail on either hand, he might easily get lost, owing to the denseness of the bush, and then he ran the risk of dying from starvation or exhaustion, or being killed by a wolf, a bear, or even a savage.

The narrow pathways twisted and turned so that no one could see more than a few feet ahead. Travel at night was completely out of the question, unless the way was pointed out by Indian guides, who knew every part of the forest by instinct. Streams and rivers were without bridges, and when any one came to the brink he had to find a ford or swim. Travellers who were used to the country thought nothing of wading up to their armpits through a foaming creek, or splashing their way with extreme

From Trail to Train

difficulty through sand and mud, or stumbling and bruising themselves among the sharp boulders littering the bed of the waterway.

The trail was exasperating. When it passed over stretches of land lying high in the glades it was hard and dry in summer, but in the places where it dipped down it was quite likely that in following it you might plunge into holes filled with mud where you would sink up to the waist, or if you were riding your horse would go in as far as the girth. Sometimes the trail followed the edge of a steep precipice with the river foaming along hundreds of feet below. Then extreme care had to be taken in crawling along such a dangerous part.

What are called "muskegs," however, were the worst difficulty of all. This is the Indian word for a morass, something like the peat-bogs which are found in Scotland, Ireland, and on the Yorkshire moors. These muskegs are filled with rotting leaves, tree trunks, grass, and other vegetable stuff, which has accumulated year after year, and has become thoroughly soddened with water. The surface seems to be quite hard and safe, so the unsuspecting traveller plods steadily forward. But before he has gone many yards he is caught in some horrible sticky mud from which he can hardly draw his feet; it is as if he had walked into a giant glue-pot by accident. Many a man has lost his life in this way, for the bogs are not small—indeed, sometimes they stretch for miles and appear to be bottomless.

In the summer the best way to get along was, and still is, in some parts of the country, to ride a small sturdy pony, which ambles along at a pace of about

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two miles an hour. Fourteen miles a day by this method was considered excellent travelling, and it would take from six to eight, or even ten hours, to do as much as this. Travellers of course carried their provisions with them, slung on the backs of their ponies. At night-time a camp was pitched near a river or stream, where rough beds were made with boughs cut from balsam trees, and not at all bad they are, when you are thoroughly tired out after a long day's journey.

Perhaps you think this is quite an attractive way of travelling, and wish we still used it instead of thundering, smoky trains, but you must remember that though it was not bad so long as the weather was fine, yet it was terribly trying when the rain pelted down. The travellers were saturated to the skin, bespattered with mud, and for days together could not make a fire to dry their clothes or get a hot meal. Then, too, the distances covered in a day were so short that it took something like four to six weeks to get as far as from London to Edinburgh! This was in favourable conditions. Often the time was much longer owing to delays on the trail, and when the party at last reached their destination sometimes they were half-starved and utterly worn out, because their provisions had run short.

But Canada was not even in those days all forest or prairie or swamps; she has not only many fine rivers, but lakes as large as inland seas, and it was soon found out that goods could be carried by boat faster than on land. There are dangers here too of course; for the rivers do not always flow evenly

From Trail to Train

and smoothly, but dash downhill in whirling rapids, and the light canoes used by the Indians were in danger of being caught up like a dead leaf and smashed on the rocks or swamped altogether, unless the man who held the paddle was skilled and brave. So much were these rapids dreaded that at the worst of them the Indians used to land and carry both goods and boat down- or up-stream, whichever way they were going, until they were safely past the dangerous place. This is called "portaging," and as it takes time, many a man in a hurry has preferred to risk the rapids and been killed in consequence.

The winters in Canada are hard; the ground is covered many feet deep in snow, and even the rivers are bound in the grip of an iron frost; then sledges are brought out to be used instead of canoes, and either horses or dogs are harnessed to them. Then, so long as the surface was tolerably smooth, all went merrily, and the ground was covered fast enough. But the men with the sledges ran many dangers; their noses and hands and feet quickly became frost-bitten unless they took great care, and then they



A PORTAGE.

The Canadian Pacific Railway

had to get the circulation back by vigorous rubbing with snow, if they did not want to lose them. Large packs of wolves, made fierce by hunger, were always on the look-out to catch some man, tired and alone. Every one had to carry arms and to build great fires at night to scare away these bloodthirsty and savage beasts. Even now a great deal of this is true of Canada ; it is not all in the past ; people still have to force their way through forests and swamps, still ford rivers and shoot rapids or portage ; still to this day many an unfortunate trapper, who has perhaps lost his comrade, meets a horrible death as food for wolves.

Canada is so enormous that it will take many, many years for branches of the railways to reach to her remoter boundaries. Though she has magnificent main lines crossing from shore to shore, and though her services and her trains are second to none, yet people have still to come sometimes 300 miles to a station.

The city of Winnipeg is very nearly in the centre of Canada, and from it to the Rocky Mountains in the west there roll away vast plains, now, in harvest-time, oceans of waving grain, yielding millions of bushels of wheat. Less than fifty years ago these plains were covered with thick grass and the Indian and buffalo reigned supreme. One could travel for eight or nine hundred miles without coming across a single house or meeting a white man.

The red men lived in tepees and hunted the buffalo, which roamed in enormous herds so that the heaving brown backs were almost like the waves of a strange sea. They provided meat for the

From Trail to Train

hunters and clothing and harness and skins for tents. But both Indian and buffalo have now practically vanished. The remnant of the former has passed away northward, and the buffalo have dwindled in numbers.

Every one has heard or read of the great Hudson Bay Company, which was started for trading in the north of Canada, and ended by owning land equal to half the Dominion. All that is now called the North-West Territory, in fact, belonged to it. At one time all the white men in this great tract were employed by the Company. Trading posts were established to become towns in the future. Pack-trains crossed 2000 miles of country, traversing vast plains, climbing snow-covered mountain passes and fording turbulent rivers. They started from Winnipeg in April with provisions for the outposts, but did not reach their destination until September. They followed the routes across the prairie made by the buffalo as they passed over in thousands from one feeding-ground to another, wandering north as the summer approached and beating a retreat to the south before the advancing snows and icy cold of winter.

Far away on the west of Canada is the range of mighty mountains known as the Rockies. On the other side of this, sheltered from the cold east winds and lying along the Pacific Coast, is a favoured country called British Columbia. When gold was first discovered in large quantities on this side of the continent, British Columbia began to develop quickly, and the people who settled there found themselves cut off by the Rocky Mountains from the rest of

The Canadian Pacific Railway

Canada. By this time the mighty provinces of Canada had joined together to form the Dominion of Canada, and they asked British Columbia to become one with them. The people in the colony agreed on condition that they were linked to the east by a railway.

At first the idea was received with amazement ; a railway to run right across Canada, linking it up from shore to shore, would have to cross 1600 miles of prairie, and this was considered impossible. However, it was pointed out that the United States had already built a railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coasts, and if they could do it why not Canada also ?

It was a long time before the scheme was put into action, and there were many fierce fights about it, but at last it was begun. Ten years had been estimated as the time required for the building of such a railway, but when it once began it was pushed on with such vigour it only took half that time, and by November 1885, Vancouver on the west was joined to Montreal on the east by 2898 miles of steel highway—the Canadian Pacific Railway.

CHAPTER II

QUEBEC AND THE ST. LAWRENCE

MONTREAL is the starting-point for many thousands who visit Canada, because in summer-time the steamers go right up the mouth of the river St. Lawrence to Quebec and Montreal, but if you look at the eastern side of Canada on a map, you will see that stretching out beyond Quebec are New Brunswick and the great peninsula of Nova Scotia, and the Canadian Pacific line is carried on here to the farthest seaward point at the port of Halifax, another 759 miles, so the full length of the main line is 3657 miles. Our longest British railway, counting all the lines end to end, is the Great Western, and this does not reach quite 3000 miles. It is split up into numerous branches and does not run all in one continuous band of steel.

The Canadian Pacific not only owns trains, but it owns steamers too, and you can travel from Liverpool to Hong-Kong, over 8000 miles, under this same company by means of the steamers called the "Empresses" of the Atlantic and the Pacific. If you cross the Atlantic Ocean in a steamer for Canada you will land at different ports according to the season. If it is summer or late spring the vessel will go into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and to do so she will head toward the

The Canadian Pacific Railway

island of Newfoundland, Britain's oldest possession in the country. She will either go through by Cape Race on the south, between Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, or by the bluff rock of Belle Ile standing sentinel in the midst of the Straits of that name, on the north of Newfoundland. She must get round the island somehow, for it stretches right across the mouth of the gulf. The first route is taken as soon as the ice in the gulf has broken up, for then vessels can enter, and they continue to go that way until the weather is warm enough to melt also the ice on the northern Strait of Belle Ile, because this course, being more in a straight line from Liverpool, makes the voyage shorter by 176 miles.

The Gulf of St. Lawrence is really nothing more than the mouth of the mighty river, and it is generally calm in here, being sheltered from the blustering winds by the island of Newfoundland. The ship steams along past another island called Anticosti, which is right in the gulf. It abounds in all kinds of game.

For thirty hours or so we steam by lovely scenery—bluff, sombre ruggedness and quiet farm-lands farther up. This is interesting because it is the very oldest corner of Canada and was settled before the rest.

There is an old-fashioned, quaint look about the buildings and villages and well-tended farms, but it is more like old France than old England, for the settlers who came here in the footsteps of a daring adventurer, Jacques Cartier, were his countrymen, and though now they live peacefully under English rule and are among the most loyal subjects, yet in their habits, names, and origin they are French.

Quebec and the St. Lawrence

This is on the south side.

On the north there is a complete contrast. Mighty forests rise from the water's edge to stretch away unbroken right up to the icy shores of Ungava, far, far in the north.

At last, in the dim distance straight ahead a gaunt rock thrusts its head above the horizon and is faintly discernible through the haze. Its black nose is pushed right out into the river, causing the glittering torrent to bend sharply. This is the Gibraltar of Canada, called the Heights of Abraham, and many a passenger seeing it for the first time stares at it so long and hard that he hardly notices the quays and houses around the foot of the rock, and misses altogether the Falls of Montmorency, which hurl themselves over a precipitous wall of rock.

This is Quebec, not only the oldest, but the most historically interesting city in Canada. The battle which secured Canada to the British was fought upon the Heights of Abraham, where the French troops under General Montcalm were entrenched, on 13th September 1759. The Heights of Abraham are a level plain on the top of the bluff some 400 feet above the water, and are so named because they were originally the property of a Scottish sailor, Abraham Martin, who was the pilot of the French commander of the St. Lawrence, and to him they were granted in 1635 as a reward for faithful service. Martin, in fact, was one of the very first men to settle upon the land which is now covered by the city.

As the boat approaches closer and closer, and the cliff looms up higher and higher, one cannot resist marvelling at the audacity of Wolfe and his forces in

The Canadian Pacific Railway

scaling those grim ramparts in the deep of night to surprise the French forces under Montcalm, encamped in fancied safety upon the plateau above. But Wolfe's daring brought its own reward. The famous citadel of Quebec, the key to Canada, was captured, and French rule in North America came to an end.

Next to Gibraltar, Quebec probably is the most impregnable fortress in the world. The citadel is a massive fortification, the first stones of which were laid over two hundred and fifty years ago. In 1823 it was reconstructed, as suggested by the Duke of Wellington, at a cost of £5,000,000, and altogether some £20,000,000 have been spent upon it. One of the most treasured possessions here is a small brass cannon, captured at the battle of Bunker's Hill, the solitary gun taken by the British forces during the American War of Independence.

For over one hundred and fifty years the city of Quebec was the storm centre of Canada. More gallant lives have fallen around it, more blood has been shed on its slopes, than at any other point in the Dominion. It has been the scene of desperate battles and skirmishes without number. The British forces strove time after time to capture the stronghold and always met with disastrous failure, until Wolfe discovered the vulnerable spot in the rampart, in the little indentation known as Wolfe's Cove, where the British hero landed with his troops on that fateful night in 1759, and stole hand over hand up the steep path leading to the heights above. Wolfe's capture of the Heights stands out as one of the most brilliant and thrilling exploits in British history.

Quebec and the St. Lawrence

The citadel has resisted five sieges, the last conflict beneath its walls taking place on 31st December 1775. During the American War of Independence, General Montgomery resolved to make a desperate attempt to wrest Quebec from the British. At the head of seven hundred men he gained the bank of the river beneath the frowning walls, in the dead of night, and sought to emulate Wolfe's brilliant exploit by making a surprise dash. But he had not reckoned upon the watchfulness and loyalty of the Canadians manning the fortress. Montgomery found his advance disputed by a barricade. Before he had time to collect his thoughts he was surprised by a murderous fire of grape and canister shot, which was fired from behind the barricade and tore huge gaps in his ranks. A handful of fifty Canadians held this outpost, and their roar of defiance was so sudden and disconcerting that the seven hundred Americans fell back completely disorganised. Montgomery and two of his officers were among the first to fall. His soldiers, too much demoralised to attempt a rush, beat a fast retreat. The next morning the body of the American general was found by the garrison stiff and frozen in the snow. It was picked up and buried in a small yard within the citadel. There it lay, marked by a rude boulder, for half a century, when it was recovered and taken to St. Paul's Church, New York City. The spot where Montgomery fell is marked, while another inscription reads : " Here stood the undaunted fifty, safeguarding Canada, defeating Montgomery at the Pres-de-Ville barricade, on the last day of 1775."

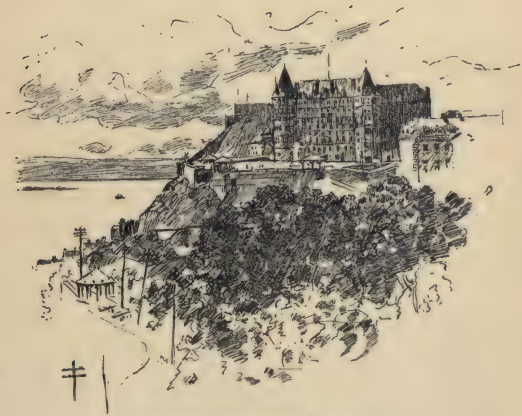
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The scenes of desperate fighting and bloodshed of one hundred and fifty years ago are either preserved as memories of the past, or they are built over by streets and palatial houses. Yet the city is not greatly altered, there are many places where you can wander to-day that bring back the past. The spacious thoroughfares lead to the narrow culs-de-sac and alleys which look just as French to-day as they did two hundred years ago. The quaint house in which General Montcalm established his headquarters in 1775 is still there and you can visit it. The Plains of Abraham are covered by cattle grazing peacefully around the column which shows the place where Wolfe fell, and the narrow steep pathway and the cove where the British forces landed are still to be seen. There are little martello towers put up by the French as outposts for the citadel fortifications to be seen, together with many of the rusting cannon which once belched forth their messages of death. There is, too, an imposing monument to the memory of Montcalm within sight of the famous gate through which he is said to have passed on his retreat after being defeated.

High up on the cliff-side, parallel with the river, and under the fortifications, is the most beautiful promenade in the world. This is Dufferin Terrace, named after Lord Dufferin, one of the best-known Governor-Generals of Canada. This promenade is 1500 feet in length, and 75 to 150 feet in width, and is built of wooden planking. During the season every one meets here to walk and talk and drive. As it is 182 feet above the older parts of the city of Quebec, there is a magnificent panorama of the

Quebec and the St. Lawrence

French quarter to be seen from it, with a grand view of the St. Lawrence for miles up and down, and of Levis on the opposite bank, at the place where there are three forts from which Wolfe shelled Quebec in 1759. Overlooking Dufferin Terrace is the Château Frontenac, one of the most famous hotels belonging to the Canadian Pacific Railway.



CHÂTEAU FRONTENAC, QUEBEC.

Quebec, however, was an important point long before even the French adventurer Jacques Cartier landed to spend the winter of 1535 under the shelter of the rock, though he was the first European who sailed up the St. Lawrence. He found here before him the Indians, who had established an important settlement, which they called Stadacona. When the

The Canadian Pacific Railway

news of the fur wealth of the eastern Canadian woods reached France, French fur-trading companies came over and established their headquarters here, and so the city rapidly grew.

The Falls of Montmorency, which have been passed by the steamer, are one of the sights of Quebec and are visited both in summer and winter by thousands

of people. They are wildly beautiful and nearly 100 feet higher than the celebrated Falls of Niagara. In the summer, the scene of falling water, foam, and spray, backed by the dark green of the woods, is very fine; and in winter, when the forests are clothed in the mantle of glistening snow, the falls are visited not only for the scenery, but for sport, for the spray, thrown into the air by the tumbling waters, freezes, and forms an immense cone, sometimes exceeding 100 feet in height.



MONTMORENCY FALLS.

The steep slopes of this massive pinnacle of snow and ice form excellent toboggan slides, and the shouts and shrieks of the tobogganers echo in the air while the toboggans fly down the glistening slopes. The tumbling waters are also useful in another way, for they give the power which supplies electric current for lighting, driving the electric tramways machinery, and for a hundred

Quebec and the St. Lawrence

other different purposes, in the city of Quebec 8 miles away. The buildings housing the electric generating machinery are situated at the foot of the falls on the flat bank of the St. Lawrence.

Near the falls are the ruins of an old manor and house where Montcalm established his headquarters when Wolfe first tried to attack him, but Wolfe was repulsed, and at last found a landing-place above Quebec, in the little cove already mentioned.

Near Quebec is a spot sacred in the eyes of the French Canadians throughout Canada. This is the miracle-working shrine where there is a magnificent cathedral to the memory of St. Anne, who is the patron saint of Canada, standing in the midst of the small village of Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

We have lingered a long time at the port of Quebec, for it is the St. Lawrence terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway during the summer season. Here the ships disgorge their crowds of immigrants seeking fortune in a new land, and the poor people, often bewildered and helpless, take the train on to Winnipeg and the prairies beyond. The colonist "specials" are quite up-to-date with Pullman cars—that is, open saloons with an entrance at each end, and a central gangway. These meet the boats, and the immigrants are dispatched westwards with the least possible delay.

So far as the carriages are concerned they compare favourably with the third-class carriages found upon the best British railways. The immigrants, before starting on their long journey of several hundred miles across country, purchase stocks of provisions, and a stove is provided on the car where they may

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cook their meals themselves. But if they do not want to take this trouble, they need not, for at frequent intervals a long stop is made at what are known as "restaurant" stations, where the travellers may purchase a good meal at a low price. The seats in the car accommodate two passengers, and face one another on both sides of the central aisle, and there is a table fashioned from a hinged flap, which lies flat against the wall of the car when not in use.

The carriage is turned into a "sleeper" at night in this way: each facing pair of seats is made into a comfortable couch with a substantial mattress. A bed can be made up like this in a few minutes, and the space is quite enough to allow any one to rest in comfort.

But as this uses up two seats for one person, something must be done to make up another bed for another passenger, and so the ceiling of the compartment is actually made into an upper row of couches or berths. The roof curves in a graceful line from the tops of the wide windows to the open space in the middle, and the polished outer surface appears to be perfectly solid. But the ceiling is really divided into sections, each just the same length as the distance between a facing pair of seats below. At the window side the ceiling is hinged to the wall of the car, and when it is lowered it reveals a mattress. In the morning when the sleeper arises, a smart push sends the berth swinging upwards on its hinge to lock firmly into the closed position, so that during the day not a sign of the fact that the compartment serves as a sleeper by night need be revealed. These devices are necessary when journeys are so long that they usually occupy several days.

Quebec and the St. Lawrence

After leaving Quebec we travel 173 miles before reaching Montreal, and the line follows the northern bank of the St. Lawrence River. It seems odd to us still to see so much that is like France rather than England. It is true there are indisputably Scottish names among the people, and yet the English tongue is not understood at all, or only imperfectly, by the people who live here. This is due to the fact that after the British conquest of Canada many of the Scottish soldiers settled in the country instead of returning home. They married the daughters of their French neighbours, and, as children always learn their mother's tongue more easily than their father's, they grew up speaking French, and no attempt was made to teach English as well. Consequently, in the course of two or three generations, the English language died down, and to-day there is the strange result of MacTavishes, MacDonalds, and so on, speaking not their own broad Scottish brogue, but old French!

While the British and French nations were quarrelling, the woods were roamed by the Indians, the natives of the country, whose adventures, customs, and cruelty have been related so vividly by Fenimore Cooper. The Iroquois in those days were particularly fiendish in their atrocities. Sometimes they sided with the British to the discomfiture of the French; at others they favoured the latter and vented their vengeance on the British; occasionally when it suited their purpose they tortured both British and French indiscriminately. A few miles out of Quebec is the village of Lorette, which is chiefly a settlement of Huron Indians, who were

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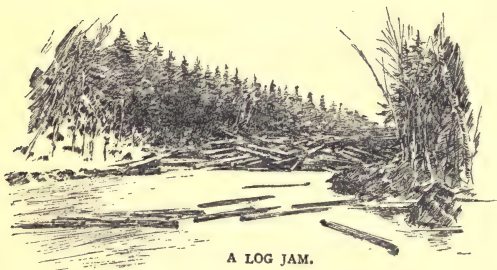
turned from their savage ways by missionary efforts. This settlement was established about two hundred and fifty years ago, and the population to-day has forgotten how to wield the tomahawk and follows, instead, the plough; war-paint and feathers have disappeared to make way for European clothes.

The country the railway runs through is well settled, exceedingly prosperous, and beautiful. The low-lying country, fringing the St. Lawrence, is backed by

the Laurentian Hills far to the north, and is broken up by numerous streams and rivers pouring into the great waterway. All these are full of fish,

the Jacques Cartier River particularly being a great angler's favourite because it abounds with salmon.

The most important town between Quebec and Montreal is Three Rivers, at the mouth of the St. Maurice River. This is the uppermost point to which the tide waters of the St. Lawrence ebb and flow. From year's end to year's end, the St. Maurice is jammed with logs which are felled in the forest lining its upper reaches, floated down to this point, collected in booms, and sawn into lumber for a thousand purposes.



A LOG JAM.



INTERIOR OF AN EMIGRANT CAR. *Page 22.*

CHAPTER III

THROUGH OLD CANADA

Now, though we are well started on our way through Canada, we must pause a moment and think of what happens in winter, when the St. Lawrence is choked with ice, and no ship can get up to Quebec. Then the Canadian-bound Atlantic liners disembark their passengers and merchandise at Nova Scotian ports—either Halifax or St. John. Halifax is the nearest Canadian mainland port to the British Isles, being only 2486 miles from Liverpool.

For many years Halifax was one of the greatest naval ports of Canada, but now it has been practically abandoned by the British Admiralty. The harbour, a large land-locked bay, is one of the finest in the world, and in it the largest vessels can float with ease, while it is so strongly fortified as to be almost impregnable. Of course, as it has so long been the temporary home of so many British soldiers and sailors, it is not surprising to find it is very much a British city; in fact it is described as the most British town in Eastern Canada.

If we disembarked at Halifax in the winter, we should have to go overland to Montreal by the railway, and this takes just about twenty-four hours. This is a long journey compared with those we are used to in England, but the line runs through such

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charming and historic country that, as a matter of fact, both the clock hands and the train appear to move far too quickly ! Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are called the Lower Provinces, and they are really very like the south of England, being almost entirely given up to agriculture. But in the northern corner of Nova Scotia industry reigns supreme, for here are great ironworks and mines famous throughout the whole Dominion. The inhabitants of Nova Scotia are fond of saying that their country is not only the "nearest to England," but "most like England too," to which they might add that the people are the "most closely allied to the English."

Nova Scotia is indeed the white man's cradle in Canada. It was here he first set foot in this splendid country. In Annapolis Valley stands not only the oldest town in Canada, but the oldest town on the whole continent north of Florida. When the French adventurers arrived at the attractive shores of this province they noticed at once what a fine country it was, and three hundred years ago they settled down at a place which they called Port Royal, now Annapolis.

Naturally, as this part was an outpost of the country, there were many hard fights between the British and French nations, but the murderous balls of lead are now forgotten, and those other green balls which grow on apple-trees flourish instead !

The Annapolis Valley is a rich fruit-growing district, over one million barrels of apples being exported from it every year. You must have read Longfellow's poem "Evangeline." The scene of

Through Old Canada

that poem is laid here, and every field and fruit-farm has been the scene of some stirring episode, some deed of heroic daring, or has some romantic association, for history was made here in the early days of the colony.

Three centuries have rolled by since the white man first trod the vales and hills of "New Britain." But before ever the white man came the Indians called the place Arcadia, which means "the place of plenty." It deserved this name, for there was abundance of furred and feathered game in its woods, and fish in its streams ; so they could live comfortably by trapping and hunting, and exchange their goods in trade. To-day the white man finds the country equally delightful, for everything grows so well in the fruitful soil he can become prosperous and rise to a position superior to his comrades in any other part of the Dominion.

So far as scenery is concerned, the Lower Provinces have a distinctive charm. Thickly populated, well-settled districts which have been ploughed and farmed for over two hundred years are bounded by dense woods wherein the foot of the white man has barely trodden, and where the signs of civilisation are confined to the activities of the trapper, the woodsman, or the lumber-jack. Smiling valleys through which rivers roll lazily in silvery winding streaks are separated from each other by rugged and wild highlands with cataracts dancing fussily down the steeper slopes.

In travelling across the continent for the first time you will notice very soon that your watch sometimes seems to have leapt on an hour. For instance, the

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watch which was set to the station clock at Halifax is an hour fast when Montreal is entered twenty-four hours later ! It seems almost as if a servant which has been faithful for so long is in open rebellion after landing in Canada, or had become infected with the hustling atmosphere and freedom, and was determined to assert its rights by not doing its duty after the present fashion. But the watch is right : the owner is at fault. At Vanceborough, 366 miles west of Halifax, the train crossed the meridian dividing "Atlantic" from "Eastern" standard time, where the hands of the watch should be put back one hour. If we were travelling in the opposite direction the watch would have to be advanced an hour at this station. This apparent losing or gaining of time seems somewhat curious at first sight, but it must be remembered that as the world turns over to meet the sun, every degree of longitude comes under the sun four minutes after the one before it. Noon is the time when the sun is directly overhead at the place where one is living. This is local time. - But in Great Britain we do not bother about each separate degree. We take one set time, that of Greenwich, and apply it to the whole of Great Britain. But Canada is so very much larger than Great Britain that one degree chosen to fix the time for all places would never do.

The difference in longitude between Halifax on the Atlantic, and Vancouver on the Pacific coast, is approximately sixty degrees, and as fifteen degrees equal an hour of time, this represents four hours ! While the residents of Halifax are contemplating lunch, their friends in Vancouver are thinking about

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their breakfast : on a winter's day while the people on the Pacific coast are bathed in the noonday sun, Halifax is almost enveloped in darkness.

At the same time it would be equally impossible for each town to have its clock set according to the local position of the sun in the sky. If such a system were practised—as indeed it was many years ago—a telegram sent from Halifax to Vancouver would reach the latter city apparently four hours before it was dispatched, according to the time in the latter city. Still worse confusion and endless mistakes would be made in regard to the hours of trains, so a meeting was held in order to devise some method of overcoming the necessity for using local time.

After considerable discussion, it was decided to divide the United States and Canada into five sections, each of which would be equal to fifteen degrees of longitude and mean an hour of time. Each section has its distinctive name. These are as follows : between sixty and seventy-five degrees of longitude is known as “Atlantic” ; between seventy-five and ninety degrees as “Eastern” ; between ninety and one hundred and five degrees as “Central” ; between one hundred and five and one hundred and twenty as “Mountain” ; and the country west of one hundred and twenty degrees as “Pacific” time respectively. This is what is known as “standard time” throughout the country, and is common to both the United States and Canada. It makes the work of setting the clock as simple as it can be. All that the traveller has to do in crossing the continent is to advance or put back his watch one hour according as he is travelling east or west, at

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the town situated on or near the meridians of division. Where the changes are made the time is always indicated in relation to its designation ; for instance, 12 p.m. " Eastern " signifies twelve noon between meridians 75 and 90 degrees of longitude. This has been a long digression, but it is an interesting point and perhaps makes one realise more than anything else could do the immense size of the country we have started to cross.

Now let us get back to where we were.

In travelling from Halifax to Montreal the Canadian Pacific Railway does not run altogether in Canadian territory, for the State of Maine thrusts its northern boundaries far up toward the St. Lawrence River, and as it would have entailed an enormous detour in the line in order to keep within Canada, it was decided to save time by cutting across the American State for some 200 miles. The railway makes practically a bee-line through United States territory, passing very wild and broken, though picturesque, stretches of lakeland and woodland. Moosehead Lake is a very popular resort among tourists, because its waters are full of fish, and the woods that line its banks are rich in game of all descriptions. When the province of Quebec is re-entered the line draws rapidly towards the St. Lawrence River.

CHAPTER IV

MONTREAL

WE have passed through the American State of Maine, and regained Canada, and are approaching Montreal. You remember that in summer the great liners come right up to Montreal with their first- and second-class passengers after leaving the third-class immigrants at Quebec. So now we have met our first line of approach again.

Montreal is a magnificent city with many wide streets, lined by trees ; electric tramways hurry past, the shops are filled with the best and latest goods, there are fine public buildings and all the modern improvements. It is a city any country might be proud of, and it is the home of about half a million people. Walking along its pavements and seeing the fashionably dressed inhabitants, it is difficult to carry one's imagination back to the days of the first white settlers, who, divided by thousands of miles of sea from those who would have protected them, came to plant themselves down among sullen Red Indians who knew nothing of their civilisation or the power of their countrymen.

The name of Jacques Cartier has already been mentioned ; he was a Frenchman, the very first white man to penetrate into these regions. He came up the St. Lawrence River, fenced in on

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both sides then by primeval forest. He saw the thin smoke-wreaths curling lazily skyward from the camp fires, and he stared with amazement at the wigwams of the Indians planted on the island at the junction of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers. Winter was approaching, though Cartier knew little about the severity of winter in such a country as this. The Indians, who were of the Iroquois tribe, did not kill him as they might easily have done, they fortified their camps with great palisades, because they feared this strange man with a pale skin. So Cartier landed, stayed awhile, and then went away. But the visit had made an indelible impression upon his mind. He was struck with the beauty of the place, and as he was not blind to its business possibilities, he recognised that "Hochelaga," as he called the settlement, was an ideal spot for fur-trading operations. The Indians came down the Ottawa River on the one side in their canoes from the unknown wilds to the north which were rich in game, and up the St. Lawrence from the boundless west. The two sets of natives could be met at this point, and their rich loads of furs purchased for those odds and ends made in Europe which appealed so deeply to their childish fancies. Cartier seemed to see here an opening which would quickly make a wealthy man of him. He was additionally impressed with the scheme, because the wide St. Lawrence offered an open water highway between the settlement and the shores of France.

Five years later Cartier returned, and apparently his fur-trading operations met with conspicuous success, for his ships returned to Europe laden to



A SPORTSMAN'S CAMP.

Montreal

the water's edge with rich and valuable furs of all descriptions. This was the beginning of the great fur-trading industry which has made Canada so famous. Of course the secret could not be kept, and soon there was an expedition of intrepid Englishmen to the shores of Hudson Bay, under the charter granted by King Charles II., authorising the commercial conquest of the great North-West by the small band of so-called Trading Adventurers.

In 1611 that famous Frenchman Samuel de Champlain arrived upon the scene, and like Cartier was impressed by its splendid and charming situation. He established himself upon the island, re-naming the spot Mont Royal, which in the flight of time became condensed and converted into the single word Montreal, and so the great modern city received its name.

The Iroquois Indians did not prove so peaceable and amiable after all. When they found the white men arriving in increasing numbers and settling on the land they regarded as their own, they became fierce and resentful. The inevitable en-



AN EARLY SETTLER'S CABIN.

sued. Peaceful exchange gave way to grim struggles for mastery between the French and Indians. Many were the attacks, and severe were the atrocities

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committed by both natives and invaders alike. The French settlers happened to be pitted against one of the finest of the Indian races, men who were possessed of splendid physique, strong, lithe of foot, and skilled in the artifices of guerilla warfare. Knowing the wilderness like an open book they found it easy to hang about the settlement, concealed in the shadows of the matted undergrowth, in order to spring unexpectedly on their foes when they were alone or unarmed. Woe betide any Frenchman who ventured from the fort thus, for torture and death were his inevitable lot! The settlers began to look upon the Indians as nothing more than treacherous animals, while the red man considered the white man dangerous, crafty, and covetous. Whenever they had a chance to do so the French ruled the Indians with a rod of iron, determining to break their proud spirits, and the Indians suffered in silence, awaiting the opportunity to wreak a terrible revenge. When at last the Iroquois did attempt to attack the settlement, they were met and held up by a small party of French occupying an outpost up the river. So stubborn was the spirit of the Frenchmen that, though the Indians surrounded and killed them, they had suffered greatly and gave up their intention of advancing upon the settlement.

This story, however, is merely one of many similar blood-curdling incidents in that thrilling time. The French held their sway by sheer terrorism, and did not



A RED INDIAN CHIEF.

Montreal

trust the Iroquois within the reach of a bullet. The red men, for their part, returned the hatred and mistrust fiercely, and never lost a chance of retaliation.

In 1760 the British entered into possession of the settlement. After the fall of Quebec, French power in Canada had come to an end, although Montreal was the last point they gave up. The city, however, was not destined for a very long spell of uninterrupted peace. During the American War General Montgomery established his headquarters in the city, and here the American Congressional Commission, comprising Franklin, Carroll, and Chase, sat day after day attempting to persuade the loyal Canadians to throw off the British yoke, but in vain.

Very few traces of those stirring times remain to-day. The memory of the old Iroquois camp, christened Hochelaga by Cartier, is preserved in the French quarter of the city, and a few historical buildings and crumbling ruins serve to recall the distant past. But that is all.

Montreal has grown with amazing rapidity. Wide streets stretch for miles on either hand, the shore line of the river is dotted with wharves and quays where the commerce of all nations is transacted, palatial buildings devoted to finance, industry, commerce, and the arts and crafts rear their heads above the wealth of trees. In order to gain a vivid impression of the size and importance of the city one must view it from the heights of the public park, Mont Royal, by day, while at night, from the opposite bank of the river, the myriad twinkling lights reflected in the murky waters of the St. Lawrence show many signs of its restless activity.

CHAPTER V

THE JOURNEY OF A GIANT

IN England, if we travel for ten hours, we think that fairly tiring. When we go on into Scotland and spend a night in the train we call that a long journey. Yet the whole length of England and Scotland together could be subtracted from the Canadian Pacific route to Vancouver and still leave 2000 miles. You can get into the train on the east side of the Continent and remain in the same carriage for four and a half days, going right across to the west. It will be thought that such a journey would be very tedious, but it is not so ; the line passes through such varied scenery on its route that there is usually something to divert attention, whether it be the forest, the rolling prairie, the grain-fields, the snow-topped mountains, or the dark cañons. Of course, as the distances are so immense the Company has to build its trains very differently from those of a small country like ours, and the coaches or Pullman cars are massively made and well hung, so that there is no vibration and even little oscillation. The number of distractions the train contains in itself is surprising. There is actually a library for the use of passengers, of course a restaurant and café, and there are black servants to answer the bells. Newspaper boys travel on the trains and walk

The Journey of a Giant

through them selling their wares, and best of all, there is at the end of the train an observation-car, where passengers can sit in comfort and see the scenery. The sides are filled in by large plate-glass windows through which everything can be seen, and outside there is a platform roofed in, but open all round so that splendidly wide panoramas can be taken in. As this is at the back of the train, it is sheltered while the engine is running, and many people spend most of their time here, while only the most blasé don't at least take the trouble to come when the line is threading its way through the great ramparts of the Rockies and Selkirks in the west. But we are a long way from that yet, and have much to see in the meantime.

The train is very comfortably fitted up, the restaurant or dining-car is well decorated like the dining-room of a big hotel, and the food is wonderfully good, especially considering the necessary limitations. The whole train is steam-heated and electrically lit. There is a drawing-room with arm-chairs and a smoking-room, and indeed living on board is more like being in an hotel than a train. When night comes the seats of the compartments are made up into beds by the negro attendants; there are four in each compartment and each is provided with clean linen and a heavy curtain to let down—a very necessary precaution, because there are no special compartments for men and ladies, but every one just takes the next number that turns up in booking his ticket.

Have you ever seen an American locomotive? We have got into the way of calling them engines

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over here, but the old word locomotive is really much more correct, for an engine may be anything that drives machinery, and there are many stationary engines. The American locomotives are much larger than our engines, and look larger still because there are often no raised platforms to the stations. They have a great ungainly cow-catcher in front and a huge boiler above, while the driver and fireman seem perched up ridiculously high in their cab. In their black garb the locomotives certainly appear ugly in comparison with the smartness of bright green, brown, or blue of the British



C.P.R. ENGINE—LATEST TYPE.

engines, but the sombre massive outlines convey the impression of immense strength, which is supported by the deep guttural “pough-pough” as they grunt and grumble along the road of steel.

Anyway, we can imagine we are off in one of these luxuriously fitted trains drawn by a huge engine, and we have left Montreal behind. The usual way is to go right ahead by the main line to Ottawa, but there is another route often preferred by people who are not in a hurry.

Every one knows the five enormous lakes lying between Canada and the States, near the east side; they are Lakes Ontario, Erie, Michigan, Huron, and

The Journey of a Giant

Superior, and the line gives a chance of a "Lake route" as well as the other. By this we should join the main line again at Fort William at the head of Lake Superior, having passed by steamer all along Lake Huron from Owen Sound to get there. We can go another way too; by keeping on as far as Sudbury on the main line, we can then branch off to a place called Saulte-Sainte-Marie, pronounced "Soo-see-ma-ree"—which no one could guess by looking at it. The "Lake Route" can only be taken in summer, but then it is well worth trying, for these great inland seas are studded with islands and the scenery is often beautiful.

By the main line we soon reach Ottawa, which is the seat of the Canadian Government.

It appears rather strange that neither Montreal nor Toronto should have been selected for this honour. But this is because when the project of a capital was discussed these two cities contended so bitterly for the honour of being chosen, that the Government, in order to give neither any cause for dissatisfaction, decided to ignore the claims of both, and to create a new capital city at By on the Ottawa River. This place had received its odd name because in 1823 a Colonel By was sent by the British Government to survey the Rideau Canal, and a small community of workmen lived at this point in their shacks, as it was a convenient centre for the works. So the settlement was called after their chief, but in 1854 the name was changed to Ottawa.

Both Montreal and Toronto were of course very jealous that a new capital should have been created instead of the honour having been bestowed on them,

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and even to-day one often hears the residents of these two cities refer disparagingly to the capital city as "By-town," to convey the impression that it is really nowhere; only "near by" either Montreal or Toronto, according to the citizenship of the speaker!

The ground on which the city now stands was taken by a man named Sparks in settlement of a debt, or rather as payment for labour. He did not think much of his bargain at that time, as the land was



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

covered with dense forest and was apparently worthless. He candidly confessed that he thought he had got the worst of the deal, but later on he found he had no cause for complaint.

In striking contrast to the quiet, yet dignified charm of Ottawa, is the town of Hull on the opposite bank of the river. This is the great centre of the eastern Canadian lumber industry, and the river bank is in consequence piled with unsightly stacks of timber for miles, while the waterway is obstructed

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by huge booms of logs which have been floated down to the mills from the forests far away. As the train sweeps across the broad blue waterway, a splendid view of the Chaudière Falls, 600 feet in width by 40 feet in height, is gained. Below the railway bridge are the Rideau Falls. Both these falls of water have been pressed into service to supply electricity for a hundred and one purposes in the city of Ottawa and its suburbs.

By the time the slender spires of the Parliament Buildings have slipped from sight the railway has entered the valley of the Ottawa River, which was followed because it offered the best and easiest path for the band of steel. The scenery changes constantly, but most of it is forest, with glimpses of saw-mills here and there. Falls of water occur at frequent intervals, and around each a small colony has sprung up, because here they are not allowed to waste themselves as mere sights, but one and all are used to generate electric current. The country becomes wilder and wilder as the Temiskaming country is gained. Memories of the early pioneering and fur-trading days are recalled by the Hudson Bay Trading post at Mattawa, which to-day is a busy lumber town.

This is the land of the Indian, rich in legend, and the scene of many blood-curdling encounters between rival races, especially those of the Iroquois and the Hurons. Alas! but few traces of the Indian now remain. The only tribe inhabiting this wild country is one called the Algonquin, but his characteristics have deteriorated, his calling has gone, the days of trapping have vanished, and he depends for existence mainly in guiding the hunter or explorer, for he is

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clever with the paddle, and knows the district as far north as James's Bay by heart.

Much of this country is unknown to this day. The forests are trackless except for the trails trodden by the Indians here and there, and scarcely a sound of human activity disturbs the silence of Nature. So the train runs on steadily until we get to the country of Lake Nipissing. This is counted quite a small lake here, being only 90 miles in length by 20 miles in width ; but what should we think of it in Britain, where our longest—Loch Awe—is only 30 miles long ! Near this the dense veil of woodland is torn aside to reveal small open tracts of land where farming is being industriously carried on. If we are lucky we might even catch a glimpse of a bear enjoying a feast of ripe berries, or a moose drinking, or a deer staring in wonder at the roaring train, for the country is overrun with game, and is beloved by the sportsman.

The silence of the forest is broken by the whirl and bustle of industry as we run into Sudbury, a growing town in the heart of the wilderness. This is an important junction, and if we want to go to the town with the wonderful name, we must branch off here by a line known as the " Soo " for short. The main line pushes directly ahead, and in a short time bursts through wild hills to pick up the shore line of Lake Superior. This is the wildest part of the whole route, the mountain ranges in the west not excepted. The bleak sombre cliffs drop sheer into the water, many of the towering precipices being so formidable that the engineers cut the path for the railway through their bases. The whole

The Journey of a Giant

country is so rugged that the line clings to the lake's edge for mile after mile, the metals being laid only a few feet above the water. At some places the precipitous cliffs tower skywards to a height of 1300 feet. It is only a narrow gallery hewn out of the solid rock upon which the steel rails are laid, and one can gain some idea of the tremendous task which confronted the engineers in this region when they set out to build the line.

This is the most sterile corner of Canada. The country is too rough and barren for agriculture, while the climate in winter is almost Arctic in its severity. Here and there the desolation is relieved by small mining camps where the hardened miners are toiling like Trojans to win gold, zinc, and other metals from the dense rock.

It is, however, a glorious chance for the artist. The blunt, precipitous, barren cliffs seem to change in colour every moment as the light plays on them, and they are very grand. Two favourite haunts are Black Bay and Thunder Cape, the nose of the latter thrusting itself blackly against the sky. Often its gaunt outline is only faintly discernible through the mists rising from the lake. Nestling in the shadow of the towering cape are the twin towns of Port Arthur and Fort William, where the passengers who have come by the "Lake Route" join us again.



A MOOSE.

CHAPTER VI

ACROSS THE GREAT LAKES

WE must now go back for a moment and imagine we chose the "Lake Route," and see what Canada can show us that way.

By this route we go to Toronto, the second largest city in the Dominion, and the seat of the government of its own province, Toronto. There may have been other reasons than the jealousy between this town and Montreal which prevented the seat of government for the whole country being settled here. Toronto is very close to the United States and has caught the infection, so to speak. There is no doubt it is more Americanised than the other large Canadian towns. This is not only in atmosphere but in appearance. Lofty sky-scrapers or many-storeyed buildings rise sheer up into the sky from the heart of the city, and the suburbs are crowded with factories — a busy, prosperous and humming city. If Ottawa is the government city, there is no doubt Toronto is the business one. The city stands right on Lake Ontario and has a large shipping trade. You would think you were at some great seaport to see the vessels of all sizes and sorts passing in and out or awaiting cargo and passengers. They can pass up this lake, down the St. Lawrence, which flows from it, and so to the open sea. On

Across the Great Lakes

the opposite or American shore are many large and busy towns and cities between which and Toronto an extensive business is carried on across the lake. The Canadian Pacific shares its station at Toronto with the Grand Trunk Railway, and from this point runs northward for 122 miles to Owen Sound, its port on Lake Huron, whence the steamer is taken for a fresh-water ocean voyage of 555 miles to Fort William.

It is difficult to grasp from mere description the immense size of these lakes, which are linked together by narrow straits. They are in very truth huge inland seas, subject to all the moods of anger and calm associated with the salt-water oceans. Pride of place must be granted to Lake Superior, which is the largest expanse of fresh water in the world. From end to end it measures 412 miles, while it is 167 miles in width at its broadest part, and covers an area of 31,200 square miles. In fact, it is so large that Ireland might almost be dropped into it! More remarkable perhaps is its tremendous depth, soundings having been taken varying from 475 to 1008 feet!

It is not surprising that advantage has always been taken of these enormous sheets of water in the interests of commerce. Indeed, there are very few seas, either fresh or salt, which support such a huge volume of traffic. On the American shore of Lake Superior large ports have arisen, the most important of which is Duluth, from which iron ore and grain are shipped by millions of tons every year to other manufacturing ports on the shores of the four other lakes. The number of vessels engaged in this trade

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alone is so large that they pass up and down barely half a mile apart, both day and night, in two continuous streams, those southward bound carrying ore and grain, while the craft proceeding northwards for the most part are empty.

The ships engaged in this traffic are rather curious in appearance. They recall the barges, so familiar upon British rivers, only they are of immense length, with the captain's bridge in the bow and the engines and funnel at the extreme stern. The whole of the deck is clear, and is covered with large hatches to hasten and ease the task of loading and unloading, for of course the reason for the ship's being is the carrying trade. Some of these ships are able to carry as many as 8000 tons of ore.

The passenger vessels are equally striking. They have been called "Lake liners," and really it is a very good description. They are immense craft, fitted up in the most luxurious manner, and quite like the liners one sees departing from the ports in Britain to distant parts of the world. They go at high speed, for the journey across Lake Superior occupies only about twenty-two hours; from Owen Sound to Fort William takes about forty hours.

Owen Sound has developed into a thriving shipbuilding centre. The growing maritime traffic of the lakes has demanded shipyards on its shores for building and repairing purposes. When we emerge from Georgian Bay, the steamer heads directly towards the entrance to the St. Mary River, which connects Lakes Huron and Superior.

One of the most curious things about these huge sheets of water is that they are joined to each other

Across the Great Lakes

by narrow straits which allow steamers to pass from one to the other. Lakes Superior, Huron, and Michigan grow out like the separate pieces of a horse-chestnut leaf joined just at the base of the stalk.

At the point where the waters of Lake Superior find their outlet to form the St. Mary River there is a steep descent, because Lake Superior lies about 30 feet above Lake Huron, and accordingly the waters rush and tumble down the bank at the mouth of the upper lake with fearful velocity, forming the St. Mary's or "Soo" Rapids. When the Indians roved these inland seas they ran their canoes through these treacherous waters, deftly steering by the rocks and other dangers which lurked just below the white curling ruffs of foam. But when the white man came with the locomotive and steamship the canoe disappeared; it was useless to commerce. In order that the large vessels might pass from one lake to the other, enormous locks have been built on either side of the rapids, fitted with powerful machinery, whereby two or three vessels at a time are lifted or lowered from one level to the other. These locks have become internationalised—that is to say, that though one side of the rapids belongs to the United States and the other is the property of the Canadian Government, an arrangement has been made whereby the locks are free to the commerce of all nations, and vessels pay no tolls for passing through. The expenses of operation and maintenance are borne entirely by the two neighbouring nations.

Owing to the heavy traffic on the lakes these locks have to be kept working night and day, and so

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exacting is the demand that a chain of ships is always waiting at both ends to be lifted or lowered as desired. About thirty minutes are required to pass through the locks, the vessels being handled in order, without favour. To watch a vessel coming up is a fascinating sight. When it enters the lock, any one standing on the canal wall can look down upon the deck of the ship. Speedily it rises up and a few seconds later, when the task is completed, the water, which is within a few inches of the crest of the wall, has lifted the vessel so high that it towers above one like a huge building, especially if the craft has no cargo, as then it stands high out of the water. The machinery for moving the ponderous gates and the massive pumps for admitting and discharging the water are driven by electricity, obtained by harnessing the rapids between the two lakes.

Although the steamships have driven the Indian canoe into oblivion, yet there still remains one Huron brave who cannot forget the times and means of travel in his boyhood days. He has not lost his prowess with the paddle and dug-out. Once a year he brings out his primitive craft, and seating himself therein, runs the scurrying "Soo" Rapids. Occasionally he will be accompanied by a white man seeking thrilling excitement. The latter certainly has his wish gratified, for the frail craft shoots through the race with terrific velocity, the Indian paddling for all he is worth so as to keep steerage way on his canoe, and at last he is shot out on to the bosom of the quieter river beneath like an arrow from a bow.

Travelling across these inland seas for the first

Winnipeg: Metropolis of Middle West

Great Lakes to the Pacific, and always tried to place their centres for trade close to those of the older company, so as to lure the custom of the Red Men away.

As may be supposed, this competition was resented by the Hudson Bay Company, and there were some skirmishes. But eventually Lord Selkirk very sensibly took steps to combine the two companies, and there was no more fighting.

Now where Fort Garry stood is Winnipeg, with a population of 150,000 people. Five railways pass through its heart. But while Winnipeg has flourished, its former rival, Selkirk, has languished, being the home of only some 5000 people, the majority of whom are descendants of the original colonists.

In fact, it is probable that Selkirk would have disappeared entirely but for one lucky chance. It is the centre of a great fishing industry, and probably is the quaintest fishing town in the world.

Year by year the oncoming tide of emigration to Canada increased, especially as the Canadian Pacific Railway threw out its steel arm more and more towards the Pacific. At last the Government took up the subject of trade, and made the Trading Company give up its claim to the North-West Territories, where it was trying to hinder the settlement of immigrants, but it received £300,000 and some 5 million acres of fertile land as compensation.

This arrangement, however, did not suit every one, especially the half-breed Indians. One hot-headed French half-breed, Louis Riel, openly defied the authorities, raised a force of discontented Metis,

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as the French half-breeds were called, and tried to establish a kingdom of his own. An English force under Lord, then Colonel, Wolseley hurriedly proceeded westwards to suppress the insurrection, but the difficult nature of the country and the lack of means of transport hindered its advance. The troops suffered terrible hardships, but at last gained the old trading-post and made headquarters there while they considered how to scatter the rebels. Riel and his confederates had been robbing every



A PRAIRIE SCHOONER.

one they came across for months, and had especially directed their attention to the stores of the Trading Company. They were overawed by the appearance of the British force. The rebellion collapsed suddenly and ignominiously in August 1870, Riel seeking safety in flight into the United States.

Peace was restored, and it was thought that all trouble was at an end. But it was not so. There was a great deal of dissatisfaction among the half-breeds, and fifteen years later this flamed up again. Riel had come back to Canada unnoticed, and had set to work to sow the seeds of discontent among the

Winnipeg: Metropolis of Middle West

half-breeds. He raised his banner again and another rebellion broke out. This was so sudden, unexpected, and serious that the authorities were unprepared. However, they lost no time in dealing sternly with the insurrection. There was a railway available this time, and with wonderful quickness 4000 troops of the Canadian Militia, under Colonel Middleton, were hurried to Qu'Appelle station, 324 miles west of Winnipeg, in the very heart of the disturbed district. This rapid movement startled Riel, and nipped his campaign in the bud. At Duck Lake his force was hopelessly defeated, and he himself was secured, tried, condemned, and executed at Regina.

In 1880, owing to the marvellous growth of Winnipeg, the Hudson Bay Company left the old fort, which had proved such a valuable trading-post for so many years, and went into new and imposing modern premises in the heart of the city. Fort Garry now is almost a memory. Many parts of the dismantled post were carried away to be rebuilt elsewhere by lovers of history, but the greater part was removed by the company itself to be re-erected as warehouses. Only the old gateway and its outlook tower still remain on the historic site of Winnipeg, and this has been preserved to the country now for all time.

Winnipeg is a striking illustration of the expansion of Canada and the enterprise of its industrious people. The streets are wide, well paved, and lighted by electricity, and supplied with over 60 miles of electric tramways. On both sides they are flanked by imposing and substantial buildings wrought in

The Canadian Pacific Railway

brick and masonry, with sky-scrappers here and there towering above everything. But perhaps the most vivid impression of the trade and industry of the city is conveyed by the sidings of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which, taken all together, run to over 110 miles, the largest yards of any railway company in the world.

It is an important railway centre, branch lines radiating in all directions, linking rapidly growing centres. The main line runs almost due west, picking up the Assiniboine River, which it follows for nearly 130 miles. The fertile prairie is entered almost immediately outside the city boundary: the extensive wheat-fields commence almost where the streets come to a dead end on the plains. Thirty miles west on the main line is the little station of Raeburn, which is the half-way house between Montreal and Vancouver, the former being 1449 miles away on the east, while the second named is 1450 beyond on the other side.

So that you see Winnipeg is very nearly the centre of Canada.



CHAPTER IX

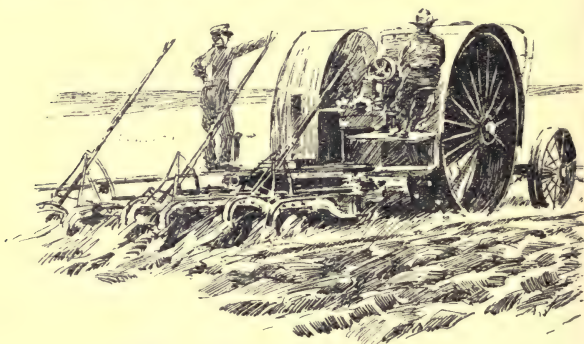
THE KINGDOM OF WHEAT

EVERY one has heard of the prairie, but few who have not seen it can have any more idea of it than a child has of the ocean before his first visit to the seaside. Imagine yourself standing on the observation-car while the ground spins away beneath you ; as far as you can see on all sides there is not a tree growing ; the land is flat—not perfectly flat, but with only such gentle curves that they do not make any difference. It is an ocean made solid, and if you are lucky enough to pass through at harvest-time, a golden ocean. The prairie which once lay barren and deserted, a thing of terror to those who passed over it, and a thing of loneliness to those who had to camp on it, has year by year been brought into cultivation. There are farms great and farms small ; what would one say in England, for instance, to a farm of 12,000 acres ? Yet some run to this size. Imagine it, 6 miles long by 3 miles wide possibly ! The difficulty would be, it seems, to find time to get to and from work in any part of it. As for ploughing ! This is done often by engines, which make short work even of a giant farm. You can see them at work at the proper season of the year, going along in a straight line 6 miles long may be. A six-mile furrow ! There may even be three such engines following each other and each making its own furrow.

The Canadian Pacific Railway

The land is divided into what are called sections ; each section represents a square mile, or 640 acres, and the farmer reckons his land in sections—when he is rich enough. Some homesteads have only half- or even quarter-section farms.

Every now and then as we speed along you will see railway lines branching off to north or south, so that, looked at on the map, the Canadian Pacific



STEAM PLOUGHS AT WORK.

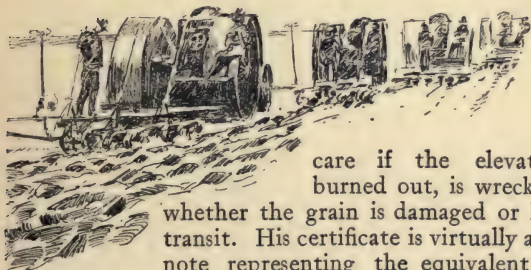
would resemble a centipede with its numerous legs.

There are many stations, and at every one you will notice various odd-looking ugly buildings, quite unlike anything in England. These are called elevators, and they are for the grain which the farmers bring in directly it has been threshed.

The laden farm waggon rumbles into the station, draws up beside the tower, and the corn is received into the elevator, the owner receiving in exchange a

The Kingdom of Wheat

certificate guaranteed by the Government setting forth the weight of the load of grain received, its quality, and other particulars. The farmer is now relieved of all further anxiety. He can either sell the corn at once on the strength of his certificate, or he can hold it until the price advances, paying a trifling sum for insurance against fire, storing, and other incidental expenses. He is completely protected against loss from any cause. He does not



care if the elevator is burned out, is wrecked, or whether the grain is damaged or lost in transit. His certificate is virtually a bank-note representing the equivalent of so much money according to the price of wheat at the time the paper is negotiated.

So fast as the elevator is filled, or at frequent intervals, the capacious box railway cars draw up and are loaded with grain. The laden vehicles are hauled straightway, in trains sometimes measuring half a mile in length, to Winnipeg or some other point, for storage in what is known as a "terminal" elevator, to await shipment to any part of the world.

Thus you see the Canadian Pacific is like a great river of grain, continually flowing, and being fed by side-streams, for the branch lines tap other corn-

The Canadian Pacific Railway

country and bring in their supplies to swell the great flood which streams forth to feed not only the Canadian people, but the world.

When we reach Broadview, 265 miles from Winnipeg, our watches have to be put back another hour, to coincide with "Mountain" time, which is three hours behind "Atlantic coast" time. Broadview is also what is known as a "divisional" point, or the limit of the locomotive's run. The divisional points are spaced roughly 130 miles apart, and at each of these stations a fresh engine is attached to the train. In making the transcontinental journey the locomotives are changed about twenty-one times, as obviously the same engine could not haul the train from coast to coast.

In Canada no train is hauled for such long distances, by the same engine, as in England, where engines run without change from, say, Plymouth to London, or London to Liverpool. There are none of those magnificent "non-stop" journeys which are the pride of the British lines. In the first place, there is no need for them, and an average run of 130 miles is adequate for one engine and crew. The divisional point is always more important than the average wayside town, for at these places there are long lengths of sidings, sheds, repair-shops, and other things for the accommodation of the locomotives and their overhauling.

What is generally interesting is the railway ticket for the transcontinental journey, which has been described as a "yard measure." Instead of receiving at the booking office a small piece of pasteboard which will slip into the waistcoat pocket, as

The Kingdom of Wheat

is the custom in this country, you are given a long slip of paper. It is punched on the train, and at places a small fragment is detached, so that by the time the destination is reached the original ticket has shrunk to very small proportions. As a fresh conductor boards the train at every divisional point, naturally the new arrival does not know which of the passengers has surrendered his ticket or otherwise, and at one time considerable inconvenience was caused to passengers by their being worried again and again for their tickets, even at night being woke up for this reason.

But nowadays the passenger who is bound right through from coast to coast is not troubled with his ticket after it is once inspected, for the simple reason that it is taken away from him, and is handed from one conductor to the other as each one takes up his post on the train at the divisional points. In return for the ticket the conductor attaches a small identification label to the lapel of your coat, or slips it into your hatband in a conspicuous position, so that it is readily apparent that your ticket has been taken and there is no need to worry you. These labels are of varying colours, each of which corresponds to a certain length of journey, and when the destination is being approached, the conductor takes possession of the coloured paper. If you stayed on after this, and the next conductor on boarding the train saw you without the tell-tale piece of paper, he would ask you for your ticket immediately. Again, there is now no disturbance at night, because the sleeping-berth ticket is distinct from the other, and has on it the number of the berth in which you are slumbering peacefully.

The Canadian prairie is really a series of steppes

The Canadian Pacific Railway

rising gradually higher and higher towards the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. After a while we enter a plain at a place called McLean; this plain extends westwards as far as the Dirt Hills, which form the northern range of the Missouri Coteau. On this plain is the city of Regina, the capital of the province of Saskatchewan, and the headquarters of



NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE.

that corps of guardians of the law whose fame has spread throughout the world—the North-West Mounted Police. This force is responsible for the maintenance of law and order throughout the whole of the North-West Territory lying between the Great Lakes, Hudson Bay, and the Rocky Mountains as far north as the Arctic Ocean. Some of these men have vast patrols, one being a “beat” of 400 miles in length!

These “riders of the plains” are not only policemen, but are magistrates as well, being empowered to deal with minor offences on the spot. It speaks volumes for the organisation of this diminutive force that they are regarded with awe and respect by red and white men alike, and that very little crime of a serious nature prevails in the country over which they have sway.

CHAPTER X

“THE TOWN THAT WAS BORN LUCKY”

IN out-of-the-way parts of England we come upon villages with funny names sometimes, and in Canada there are some quite as funny. After leaving Winnipeg the train passes through endless places before it begins to ascend into the Rockies. Here are some of the names : Gull Lake, Maple Creek, Bull's Head, Purple Springs ; but the oddest of all are Moose Jaw and Medicine Hat. The former is the translation of an Indian name, which, written out in full, means “The-Creek-where-the-White-Man-mended-the-Cart-with-a-Moose-Jawbone.” As, however, it would be rather inconvenient for the porters to shout out all that at the station or to have it written in the time-tables, it has been shortened.

The inhabitants of Medicine Hat are very proud of the name of their town. Some time ago there was a suggestion it should be altered, which provoked a storm of opposition. No one knows exactly how the name originated.

One legend is that at this spot the medicine men of the various Indian tribes roaming the plains used to gather, to treat those of their number who were suffering and afflicted. Another and more generally favoured story, probably because it is somewhat

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quaint, is that many years ago a fierce fight between the tribes took place on the river bank. While the braves of one tribe were being led forward by a medicine man, the latter fell into the water. Instantly the braves paused in their forward rush and dived after their leader. As the medicine man himself could not be found, having been carried away by the current, the Indians struggled to recover his hat, many losing their lives in the attempt! Thereafter the scene of the incident was known as "The-Place-where-the-Medicine-Man's-Hat-was-found."

But of late years something more precious than gold has been found around here, and this made Mr. Rudyard Kipling speak of the place under the title of "The Town that was Born Lucky." Lucky indeed it is, for the precious treasure is not gold, but gas! The whole country round seems to rest upon a great "pocket" of gas, and when the ground is bored through and a hole made as an outlet, this natural gas rushes up through it with a roar. If it is ignited then it flames up like a mighty gas-burner lighting up the country for miles around.

This extraordinary good fortune was discovered quite accidentally, and the discovery was due to our railway, for the engineers of the Canadian Pacific Company were boring for water about 40 miles north-west of the present town. Instead of striking the liquid they tapped gas, which they used immediately to light and heat their buildings. Another drill-hole was driven down in the town itself, to see if the seam of gas extended so far to the south. This was successful too, but as the gas

“The Town that was Born Lucky”

was somewhat wet it had to be dried before it could be used, which was a disadvantage.

Of course the find was a magnificent one, for what elsewhere has to be made at the expenditure of much labour and coal, was here flowing out spontaneously.

This stroke of fortune prompted the town authorities to attempt a big boring scheme to tap the gas at a far greater depth than had been done. The town was small in those days and money was scarce. However, every citizen considered the experiment worth trying, and accordingly a by-law was passed authorising the raising of a loan to pay the cost.

Boring was begun at once, and was continued day and night, as the people were too much excited to wait. But at last there was not a penny left to pay for the drills being driven in another inch. The people now began to abuse the council for having embarked upon the experiment.

The man in charge of the boring operations sought out the mayor late at night and begged to be allowed to sink the drills a few feet lower, as he still believed he would reach the great supply of gas. The mayor hesitated, as there were no more funds, and it was quite illegal for him to spend individually, and on his own responsibility, any more of the townspeople's money. But at last he gave in.

Next morning the mayor was seen rushing along without his coat and hat, gesticulating and calling out wildly to a man in front, who was running even more quickly than himself. Every one thought it was a thief-chase and joined in eagerly. But it was not long before it was seen that the mayor was not

The Canadian Pacific Railway

chasing a pickpocket, but running towards the gas-borings, where a fearful hullabaloo was going on. The driller during the night had pierced the great natural gasometer at a depth of 1010 feet. As the drill burst through the last bit of crust there was a terrific report. The compressed gas flew up through the narrow passage sweeping everything before it, and sending it all sky-high!

At the present time about 15 million cubic feet of gas are drawn from the ground every day for a variety of purposes. Gas is supplied almost as



CALGARY.

cheaply as water, private consumers paying $6\frac{3}{4}$ d. per thousand feet for lighting and cooking, while manufacturers pay $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. per thousand cubic feet for it to drive their machinery. The Canadian Pacific Railway owns its own well, and uses it for every purpose upon the railway, as well as in all its shops and buildings.

The fires of the locomotives, instead of being started with wood, which is very expensive here as there are no trees for miles, are set going by gas. The coal is thrown into the fire-box, and then a gas

“The Town that was Born Lucky”

burner connected to a rubber hose leading to the gas supply is laid on the top and lighted.

The discovery of natural gas at Medicine Hat has saved the Canadian Pacific Railway about £12,000 per year.

The town is an important point upon the railway because from it two lines run westwards to the Rocky Mountains, about 200 miles distant. The main line goes by way of Calgary and then through the Kicking Horse Pass, while the second line swings slightly southwards to penetrate the Crow's-Nest Pass. These passes are two breaks in the frowning ice-capped mountain chain. The second line goes to Nelson, on the Kootenay Lake, which is navigable, and from here the main line can be rejoined by taking the steamer to Revelstoke.

CHAPTER XI

THROUGH THE ROCKIES

CALGARY, 180 miles beyond Medicine Hat, on the western fringe of the prairies, is one of those wonderful towns which one finds scattered all through Canada, and it has risen from a straggling handful of shacks to a flourishing city, possessing all the conveniences of civilisation, within a few years. It lies in the shadow of the towering Rocky Mountains, whose grim, barren slopes, surmounted by glittering crowns of ice and snow, rise in inspiring grandeur and beauty, and in this clear air seem to be but a short distance away.

Close to the town is the largest irrigation scheme which has ever been attempted in Canada. This is also due to the Canadian Pacific Company, which, by means of canals and distributing channels, carries and distributes water, drawn from the Bow River, over 3 million acres of practically worthless country, bringing it under cultivation. Some of the finest crops that the country can offer are raised on this land. The undertaking has cost the company £1,000,000, but it shows how a railway can do more than merely carry traffic ; it can greatly increase that traffic by opening up country which was useless before and by providing money for its development. Drought provokes no fears here, for the farmer knows



IN THE ROCKIES. -THE THREE SISTERS.

Through the Rockies

that the thirst of his land can be quenched at the very moment the crops are most in need of a drink.

When we have left Calgary and are approaching the Rocky Mountains, which lie like a great backbone north and south across the track, the first thought is "How on earth is the train going to get through?" It doesn't seem as if there were any break in that solid array of heights. The cliffs rise up like walls, perfectly bare and gaunt; even the mountain pines, which will hang on almost anywhere, find it difficult to get their roots into the few inches of soil lying in crevices here and there. We might as well attempt to run full tilt at the cliffs of Dover!

But as we get nearer a break reveals itself, called "the Gap," and through this runs the Bow River. This is the only possible path, and the engineers were bound to use it, hewing out a place for their lines beside the leaping, tumbling waters.

As we glide into this gap the scenery becomes grand, peak after peak reveals itself—every moment the vista changes and shows new beauties. No one can help feeling expectant and gazing ahead to see what each new turn has to offer. From the observation-car everything can be watched in comfort. The narrow track on which the lines are laid is just wide enough for the train and no more. It climbs, climbs, climbs ever upward, and through cleavages in the mountain wall on either hand passing glimpses of taller and still more imposing precipices may be seen.

The line itself puzzles one by its wanderings. It clings to narrow precarious shelves, crosses frothing cascades and creeks, glides through great amphi-

The Canadian Pacific Railway

theatres formed by cliffs, crawls round overhanging precipices, plunges through deep yawning gorges, and swings round the shoulders of rocky humps in turn.

Here and there the sights seen are almost fantastic—for instance, when the steep slopes are dotted by what look, at first sight, like gigantic sentinels. These are masses of rock formed of sterner material than the friable soil from which they spring, so that they have remained standing when the mountain torrents have eaten away the mountain-side. These quaint pillars have been christened “hoodoos,” and many of them tower up to a height of 60 feet or more.

In the heart of the Rockies a large tract of mountain and woodland has been railed off by the Government to serve as a National Park, the largest in the world, being half as large again as the famous Yellowstone Park in the United States. It is not exactly what English people know as a park, for, as one item, one hundred buffaloes roam and graze within an enclosure of some 800 acres. These are a sad remnant of a noble race of animals fast dying out; at one time they could be counted by the tens of thousands, but to-day they are numbered by the score.

This National Park is at Banff, and it includes some very well-known natural hot springs, which are supposed to be effective in healing certain ailments. Many people use them.

Banff is a very popular holiday place, as it stands amid glorious scenery and has luxurious hotels; one of these belongs to the railway company, and

Through the Rockies

is actually in the Park. In summer it is always crowded, not only by those who come for health or to enjoy themselves in beautiful scenery, but by those in search of sport or mountain-climbing. On the steep higher slopes of the mountains the big-horn, or wild sheep, and the mountain goat may often be seen.

Although peaks innumerable come into the picture, the most prominent have been named and may be identified easily. In many cases the names recall bygone episodes in the lives of the natives, or some romantic incident. There is Mount Rundle, named after an early missionary who spent many years of his life among the Indians



A BUFFALO.

in this country ; Peechee, a very lofty cone, commemorating an Indian chief ; Cascade Mountain, a massive hump ; Pilot Mountain, a guiding landmark to trappers who venture into the wilds, for it is visible for miles around ; Hole-in-the-Wall, so called because of the enormous cave in its side — this is 1500 feet above the bottom of the valley, the opening having a height of 12 feet from floor to roof, and extending back into the heart of the mountain, where there is a small vertical shaft through which a glimpse of the sky may be gained ; Castle Mountain, with its rugged

The Canadian Pacific Railway

top stretching for a distance of 8 miles crowning a precipice 5000 feet high, which is very like a giant's stronghold with its turrets, battlements, a natural drawbridge, portcullis, and gateway. One particularly famous peak is Mount Assiniboine, popularly known as the Matterhorn of the Rockies. It is every whit as difficult to scale as the celebrated



LAKE HOUSE HOTEL, LAGGAN.

Matterhorn mountain in Switzerland. Time after time daring mountaineers have attempted to climb its lofty flanks, but one and all were defeated until the Rev. James Outram, with a party of Alpine guides brought from Switzerland, succeeded in reaching its topmost heights for the first time in 1901. The summit is, of course, covered with perpetual snow, as it lies far above the snow-line.

Through the Rockies

But the "gem" of the beauties and marvels among the Rockies undoubtedly are the Lakes in the Clouds, near Laggan. These sheets of water are rightly named, for they lie in basins among the white crests at a height of 5680 feet.

A short distance beyond Laggan, at a mountain station called Stephen, after the first president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the line reaches its highest point in the Rockies—5329 feet above the ocean. Here we are on the back-bone of the continent, the "Great Divide" as it is called, because this point is the watershed of two streams that rise here. One runs down through the rifts on the eastern slopes, growing larger and more important in its journey until it joins the Saskatchewan flowing towards the Atlantic, while the other rattles away on the opposite side to join the Columbia and to empty into the Pacific! From here we could drop a tiny fragment into the water to find its way to either of the great oceans.

After leaving the "summit" the train enters the Kicking Horse Pass, called after the river which wanders from side to side of the narrow valley at the bottom, though of course this does not explain how the name originated. The train hurries downhill because the mountains fall away sharply, and the engineers were compelled to seek the lower level as fast as they could. In fact they had to make one of the steepest bits of railway in the world (not including real mountain railways) between Hector and Field. This has now been changed, but at first the line had to descend 1143 feet in 7 miles, and for $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles it dropped 1 foot in every 22, which is a

The Canadian Pacific Railway

sharp incline. So steep was the gradient that it became known as the "Big Hill," and its negotiation was always exciting. When the rails were slippery with moisture the drivers of the descending locomotives had great difficulty in keeping their train in check. They were supplied with very powerful brakes, but even when these were jammed on hard, locking the wheels, they did not pull the train up. The train simply skidded down the steel slide like a toboggan. As you may imagine, when trains had to be brought up this place the feat was even more difficult. The fast mails had four, and sometimes six, powerful locomotives attached to both ends, and when all these were at full steam, puffing and struggling furiously, the engines belching dense clouds of black smoke and red-hot sparks, at the best all they could reach was a speed of 6 miles an hour, while often the immense driving-wheels simply spun round in the same place as they failed to get a grip upon the metals.

As the traffic developed it became necessary to ease this gradient. It could only be done by cutting out the "Big Hill" entirely. A new length of line measuring $8\frac{1}{4}$ miles in length was laid through Kicking Horse Pass at a cost of £250,000, and on this the steepness of the rise has been exactly halved, so that now the upward rise is 1 foot in 44. On this two engines can pull and push the train up the bank at a speed of 25 miles an hour, while the downward run is far safer than it was upon the "Big Hill."

Toiling through the mountains with long trains is of course a heavy tax upon the engines. Special

Through the Rockies

locomotives have been built to work the "mountain section," as it is called, and they are monsters. Their tremendous proportions, massive lofty boilers, and huge driving-wheels give, even to an outsider, some idea of their prodigious power. One must see one of these monsters come into Stephen station at the summit of the pass in order to realise what the struggle with the "fast mail" up the heavy bank has been. The engine is spattered with dust and grease, steam spurts from every part enveloping it in a waving white veil, large beads of condensed vapour and oil drip down the sides of the boiler and tender, while the water bubbles and sings in the boiler, and the imprisoned steam makes a screeching escape through the safety valve.

CHAPTER XII

A FURTHER RANGE

VERY few people realise that once through the Rocky Mountains there is another range behind called the Selkirks. These mountains are of course all part of the same chain, but still they have a different name.

We presently come to a place with the simple name of Field. This stands on a level with Kicking Horse River, and here we meet "Pacific" time and set our watches back another hour.

The river spreads out widely near the town, but soon is wedged in again by the steep sides of the hills, and at last foams through a narrow defile in a perfect cataract. The railway engineers had nowhere else to take their line, so they had to get through this narrow space too, and they laid the rails on a mere shelf against the cliff which towers up for thousands of feet above. On the other side, so near that a stone could easily be thrown across to hit it, is a corresponding precipice.

As we emerge from this gorge the snow-covered Selkirks burst into sight. At first they look even more impossible to penetrate than the Rockies did. By this time we have passed a town called Golden, where we come across another river, the Columbia. On approaching the barrier of the Selkirks it seems as if the railway must swing to one side to follow the Columbia River and so get round this obstacle, instead of passing through it.



THE VALLEY FROM ROGERS PASS,
IN THE SELKIRKS. Page 87.

A Further Range

Indeed, to get through this range proved one of the most difficult of all the tasks the railway engineers tackled. What made it so hard was the problem how to overcome the steepness with which the mountains rise from the valley. Engineers on foot, astride ponies, and on snow-shoes, examined the ground thoroughly; Indians were pressed into service to give the benefit of their knowledge. Months were spent upon the search for a gorge through the mountains, and, after all, only one feasible way was discovered, and this demanded a climb of 1916 feet in 22 miles, and 5280 feet make a mile. As there was no alternative, and this was not so bad as other gradients that had to be made in the Rockies, it was undertaken.

The railway makes a bold plunge into the ragged mass of rock by threading a very narrow gorge through which the Beaver tumbles into the Columbia. The rails are laid upon an upward rising ledge, so that the waterway is gradually left far below. This gorge is so narrow that down by the water's edge a felled tree is sufficient to form a bridge. Beavermouth station, by the way, is the most northerly point touched by the line between the two oceans. It stands 2435 feet up, and the train in order to cross the mountains has to rise to a height of 4351 feet.

As the summit has to be gained within a comparatively few miles the grade is unavoidably heavy, being about 1 in 45. Naturally the speed of the train slows down considerably, even under the combined efforts of two mighty engines, but although the pace may be slow this is not a disadvantage, for

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it gives passengers time to look at the scenery. Many people declare that the Selkirks are nobler, more beautiful, and more majestic than the Rockies. This is just a matter of opinion, because the two ranges are very different from each other. Certainly the slopes of the Selkirks are steeper, and the dividing valleys are deeper.

The sides of the mountains are also scarred heavily with deep V-shaped fissures, gulches, and clefts, each of which forms the channel for a tempestuous creek falling from crag to crag. The railway spans these breaks by spidery bridges, the loftiest being the steel arch which carries the line at a height of 300 feet across Stoney Creek.

The greatest dangers the railway men have to fear in this region are the avalanches which very often sweep down with irresistible force in the spring. How to protect the line was the subject of much thought at first, because these avalanches carry down with them a tangled mass of boulders, twisted and uprooted trees, all cemented together with thick mud, and these fall into the cuttings, and might even sweep the line itself away into the valley below.

When special dangers arise there are never wanting men to devise special means of averting them. In this case, snow-sheds were built over the railway. They are made of massive baulks of timber bolted and dovetailed together, and are, just as the name implies, sheds roofing in the line. One end of the roof fits into the solid rock, and is held in position by massive boulders. The roof is supported by heavy joists of sufficient strength to withstand any bombardment of rocks and trees thundered down by the avalanche.

A Further Range

The slope of the roof is so designed that it continues the line of the mountain slope, so that the descending débris rushes down it straight into the valley below.

Often the roof of the shed is piled up with a jagged mass of trees torn up by the roots, huge lumps of rock, soil, snow, and ice 20 or 30 feet high. This is a mere fraction of the volume which has swept overhead, but even that gives some idea of the power of the avalanche and makes one realise the strength of the snow-sheds which can resist such a buffeting.

As the line penetrates farther and farther, the Hermit Range looms up, this name having arisen from the rocks resembling a cowed man with his dog. Then comes Mount Sir Donald, rearing up almost perpendicularly above the track for 1000 feet, while another clump of pinnacles outlined against the sky, from one point really looks like camels heavily laden, and has earned the fanciful name of "The Camels coming out of Egypt."

The railway gains its summit-level at the upper end of Rogers Pass, named after Major A. B. Rogers, who was associated with its construction. It was he who found the pass through which the railway now runs. Before discovering it he tramped the district through and through, finding out all he could from the Indians, but to no purpose. Then, when in the depths of despair, after toiling laboriously to an altitude of 4209 feet, he suddenly came across a narrow pass between two cliffs. The extraordinary thing was that the Red Men, who were supposed to know the range through and through, had never traversed this pass, so that Rogers' feet were the first to tread it.

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The descent of the western side is even more abrupt than was the rise on the eastern. The train swings down round Mount Sir Donald—so called after Donald Smith, Lord Strathcona, who took a keen interest in the great railway and whose recent death has been a sore loss to Canada—then it runs into Glacier station. This doesn't sound a very attractive name for a holiday resort, but people flock here notwithstanding, because the railway company has established a big hotel here, and has cut a road right up to the river of ice which gives the place its name. This is the Illecillewaet Glacier. There are few places indeed where a glacier can be reached with so little trouble, as it is only two miles from the hotel, and the colour-changes in its depths as the earth spins round and the sun strikes it at different angles, are something to marvel at.

Once more returning to the railway we find that a sudden dive into the Illecillewaet Valley has to be made from Glacier. The descent is so sharp that the track actually makes a winding path. The train rushes along a terrace, swings round a loop, and then is following a second terrace parallel with the first, but running in the opposite direction. Finally it describes a wide curve before entering the valley.

After picking up the Illecillewaet River the railway hugs its banks, clinging perilously to the edges of ledges of rock in deep ravines, where the floor of the canyon is shared by the steel highway and the waterway. Albert Canyon is most inspiring. The mountains have been split apart so that the walls run up vertically to a dizzy height, while the water boils along through a passage barely 20 feet wide and 160

A Further Range

feet below the line. Threading a second canyon of the same sort, the railway emerges from the Selkirks to meet once more the Columbia River, which is now flowing southwards, having rounded the northern end of the range in a graceful bend, so that it washes both the eastern and western foothills of the mountains.

Twenty miles below the point where railway and river meet, the latter enters the Arrow Lakes. It was stated some time back that there was an alternative route of the Canadian Pacific Railway by which we could join the main line again at Revelstoke. We now reach Revelstoke, and any passengers who have come up the Arrow Lakes on the steamers run by the railway company here join the train again.

This secondary route, called the Crow's-Nest, is not so wildly grand and does not offer such fine vistas of mountain scenery as that of the Kicking Horse Pass ; it is easier for the train, as the gradients are slighter, and in years to come probably the greater part of the through traffic between Vancouver and Montreal will pass this way.

Crow's-Nest Mountain is of a curious circular shape, standing up boldly against the sky, but it does not receive its curious name, as might be supposed, from any association with a crow. It is connected with a stirring incident in the life of the Indians. On this line there is a startling piece of engineering known as "The Loop," where the railway twists and redoubles upon itself in an amazing manner, in order to overcome a sharp descent down the mountain-side, 3 miles of track being required to carry the train 200 feet forward.

The Canadian Pacific Railway

Even when we are through the Selkirks we are not clear of the mountains, for another chain, the Gold Range, has to be crossed. In this instance, however, the engineers discovered an easy natural pass between the peaks. Near the summit level in this hump is Craigellachie, an historic spot in the story of the railway. Here, on 7th November 1885, the rails being laid eastwards from Vancouver met those coming westwards from Montreal, and the two links were joined together by Lord Strathcona, so that for the first time it was possible for a train to cross the breadth of Canada from the Pacific to the Atlantic !

This district is the home of the Shuswap Indian. Like the other native tribes they are vanishing rapidly, though the survivors have been given a reserve on the edge of the lake named after them. They still follow their hunting and trapping, but otherwise are somewhat indolent. Even though land is reserved for it, this tribe is somewhat scattered, small isolated parties being found on the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains, with their tepees pitched in convenient flat places among the mountains, beside a river or creek.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has built a branch line from Sicamous Junction, near the Indian reserve, to the south, to connect the fertile fruit-growing and agricultural district of the Okanagan Valley with the main line. One of the largest fruit farms in this district, extending to over 13,000 acres, is owned by Lord Aberdeen, who gives employment to a small army of men engaged in growing apples and other fruits, eventually to be sent to Covent Garden.

CHAPTER XIII

DOWN THE FRASER RIVER

THERE are few of us who have not read the adventures of Livingstone and Stanley in the heart of Africa, yet if you asked any Englishman if he had heard of the thrilling adventures of David Thompson, or Mackenzie, or Fraser, or La Vérendrye in British Columbia, he would probably laugh and ask what dangers these men had to contend against in any way comparable with the dangers of desert and jungle. He would be easily answered. These pioneers came from the east and had to make their way across the mountain-chains through which we have just rushed with all the power of steam and the comfort of engineering work. The swollen swift rivers, the icy peaks, the precipices, snow-slides, blizzards, and trackless forests are, in their way, quite as hazardous to encounter as the wilds of Africa. If it be answered that the African explorers had also the peril of meeting wild dark tribes with poisoned arrows, the objection can be met by referring to the totally uncivilised tribes of Indians encountered on the way to British Columbia. Yet it is astonishing how little is known of these early days.

The story of David Thompson's intrepid wanderings among the mountains is particularly interesting.

The Canadian Pacific Railway

This explorer was born in Westminster, and while quite young entered the Hudson Bay Trading Company, by which he was sent to Fort Churchill. But he very soon broke off from his work, because he was a born explorer, and the post he held did not give him opportunities of carrying out his ambition, which was to wander west through the unknown. Accordingly, when he was asked to join the North-West Company, which, as has been said, was a deadly rival to the Hudson Bay Company, and which was far more energetic and enterprising in its work, he accepted the offer without hesitation. From that day his life was one perpetual series of wanderings.

The pass which Thompson went through is now known as Simpson's Pass. Thompson was very unlucky in the route he took, for if, in ascending the Athabaska River, he had noticed a smaller stream which comes tumbling in from the north, before gaining the Whirlpool River, and had chosen it as his route, he would have discovered what is now known as the Yellowhead Pass, and have picked up the source of the Fraser River, which he could have followed for 50 miles through the Rockies to Tête Jaune Cache. Not only would he have been able to reach the source of the Canoe and the North Thompson Rivers, but he would have corrected the error of Mackenzie, who, striking the Fraser about three hundred miles lower down, considered it to be the Columbia River. From his camp at the junction of the Canoe and Columbia Rivers, Thompson went down the latter, and passed over its whole length to the sea—1156 miles.

Now we come back to our own railway track, for

Down the Fraser River

we meet the Thompson River, named after this brave explorer, at Kamloops. Then the line runs through some of the wildest country imaginable. Instead of toiling wearily up toward the clouds the train threads fearful canyons for mile after mile, and darts through tunnel after tunnel that has been driven through the base of projecting towering bluffs. Time after time the line crawls along a narrow precipice hewn out of the rocky wall, with the cliffs rearing themselves threateningly above the track, while the waterway is thundering along many feet below.

After the waters of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers have mingled, the two immense volumes of water are compelled to flow together through a constricted channel between the mountainous walls for mile after mile. Here the engineers were hard pushed to find any place at all for the metals. The Great Canyon is probably the most awful spot where foaming water, steam, and spray ever have met.

The river defies navigation; even the Indians regard it with awe, because several of their race have met with death in its terrible embrace. Its bed is strewn with huge masses of rock, the black ugly teeth of which either jut just above the surface, or lurk just below. The walls are vertical, and the imprisoned water in its headlong rush lashes the sides of the gorge in impotent fury. The colour of the water can scarcely be seen as it is churned into a milky froth. The roar is terrible and easily drowns the screech of the locomotive. When at last the railway, after rumbling along a narrow ledge, 200 feet above the water, known as Lady Dufferin's

The Canadian Pacific Railway

Walk, swings away through a tunnel near Hell Gate, one has a sense of relief in parting from Nature in such an angry mood.

We have heard the adventures of Thompson, after whom one river was named, but those of Simon Fraser, after whom the other was called, were just as sensational, especially during his journey down the Fraser River from Fort George to the sea. The friendly Indians endeavoured to dissuade him from going, and his men told him he was tempting fate by running the rapids and canyons. They knew the lurking dangers only too well. When, in spite of all advice, he made the attempt, and lost some of his canoes with all their contents, while several of his party narrowly escaped being dashed to death against the rocks or drowned in the whirlpools, the Indians thought the white man must be mad.

When he reached the Great Canyon of the Fraser River it surpassed anything he had ever seen. The Indians had cut rough steps in the precipitous walls and had put up a flimsy banister formed of poles, joined end to end by thongs of willow, which swayed ominously when clutched for support. The steps had not been chipped out with tools, but were the result of frequent treading by their moccasined feet. The Indians from long practice could swarm these walls hundreds of feet in height easily, but to the white men, worn out with suffering and scarcity of food, with 90-pound loads on their backs, the feat seemed impossible. However, there was nothing else for it, so they set their teeth and started hand over hand. To secure greater steadiness and safety they were roped together, but a false step on the

Down the Fraser River

part of one of them would have hurled the whole party into the swirling vortex below. However, they won through without loss of life.

One can understand with what profound relief they must all have heard from the Achrinow Indians below the canyon, that the Fraser was navigable thence right away to the Pacific Ocean !

CHAPTER XIV

VANCOUVER AND VICTORIA

WHEN the Canadian Pacific Railway was first completed it did not run to Vancouver as it does now, for Vancouver did not exist; it ended at a spot in Burrard Inlet, called Port Moody. But this was not found to be a very good place. A naval officer, called Captain George Vancouver, many years before discovered a much better place, also in Burrard Inlet, but nearer the entrance. This really is a natural harbour, for the bay is protected by a promontory, and the water is so deep that the largest ships can come quite close in. It is 13 miles west of Port Moody, and the great city which sprang up here was called Vancouver, after its discoverer. The trade brought by the railway quickly had results, and the growth of the city was amazing.

Large liners now come right up to the wharves, and the natural harbour, improved by man's work, is one of the best to be found anywhere. The mouth of Burrard Inlet is known as "The Narrows," though it is not really narrow, but it has one great disadvantage: the tide rushes in sometimes at eight miles an hour, and pilots have to be careful in working their ships through.

Vancouver is a young city in the fullest sense of the word. It was started in May 1886. Up to this

Vancouver and Victoria

time only a handful of people had dwelt on the seashore, and the land was covered with a dense growth of towering trees and thick matted undergrowth. Where the electric tramways now carry the passenger 3 miles over well-built roads in a quarter of an hour, thirty years ago it took a person, walking on foot, six or seven hours to accomplish, and he had the chance of being lost in the forest to boot! For a few weeks the town went forward with an amazing speed, the forest being cleared like magic to permit rows of shacks and buildings to spring up, as it seemed, in the night, on both sides of well-defined highways.

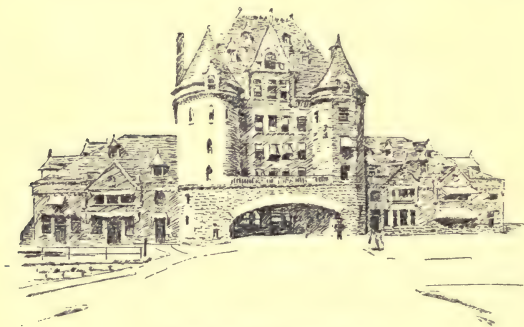
The builders had hardly settled down to their task when a fire broke out, and it raged so furiously and disastrously that the whole city was wiped out, only two buildings being left standing. Undismayed, the homeless citizens once more set to work, building a better, cleaner, brighter, and more majestic city, which to-day, with its suburbs, covers 30 square miles. Some idea of the speed with which it is expanding may be gathered from the fact that in the year 1910, 30 miles of streets were cleared and roughly graded, while 25 miles of wooden plank pavements were laid down in new outlying areas. The population has risen from about 1000 to 130,000 in twenty-six years. To-day it is one of the fastest-growing cities on the Pacific coast of the North American continent, between the Equator and the Arctic circle.

Its wealth is incalculable, and its financial and commercial importance are emphasised by the towering mercantile buildings, offices, and banks.

The Canadian Pacific Railway

Down on the water-side there are huge warehouses for the commerce of all nations, and the front is thronged throughout the twenty-four hours with shipping from all parts of the world.

As might be expected, the Canadian Pacific Railway station and its hotel stand up well in the forest of masonry, for this is one of the busiest centres on the whole system. The Pacific Empress liners ply



STATION HOTEL, VANCOUVER.

between this port and Hong-Kong, Shanghai, and Yokohama; they are the finest vessels in the northern trans-Pacific trade, and can cross the ocean in about fourteen days.

The situation of the city is very charming, as the scenery is very fine. Immediately in front on the north are the snow-covered Cascades guarding the coast; across the water is the mountainous ridge forming the back-bone of Vancouver Island; to the

Vancouver and Victoria

south-west are the Olympics; and on the south-east is the isolated white cone of Mount Baker, over 50 miles away in the State of Washington, which rises 14,000 feet. The climate is really quite like that of Great Britain, with no violent extremes in temperature, but it is blessed with a heavy rainfall, so that the air is purified and the verdure is always green.

The nose of land which thrusts itself northward on the western side of the port, forming a natural breakwater, has been reserved to the public under the name of Stanley Park. It covers over 1000 acres, and was set aside for this purpose in the first year of the city's history. Certainly it is one of the finest parks in the world. The ground is clothed with a rich growth of huge ferns, above which rise small trees, and above them again are huge firs and cedars of the kind found on the Pacific slopes. These are two or three centuries old, and their topmost branches rise grandly some 300 feet above the ground; their trunks are so thick at the base that even if ten people join in a ring with arms outstretched they cannot always encircle them.

Another thing which gives Stanley Park much value is that it is in the heart of the city. A few steps, and one is transported from the bustle of business into the quietness of nature. And it is



GIANT TREES IN
STANLEY PARK.

The Canadian Pacific Railway

primeval nature, for there is not a square yard of lawn, a hedge, or flower except what is indigenous to the virgin forest. The thousand acres are just as Nature left them. The only signs of the hand of man are in the 9 miles of carriage roads open for coaches and motor-cars and the 22 miles of foot-paths, whereby one may penetrate the secrets of this preserved forest.

Where the land slopes down to the waters of Burrard Inlet there is an excellent bathing-beach, and joyous crowds disport themselves on these gradually falling shelves during the heat of summer.

Although Vancouver is the western terminus, the Canadian Pacific Railway throws its tentacles farther out still by means of well-equipped boats, so as to bring the English town of Victoria, the capital city of Vancouver Island, within reach. Other vessels ply between Vancouver and the distant shores of Alaska to the north, as well as the busy ports to the south, while even far-away Australia is in touch with the grey steel band.

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